The New Ideal.

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LIBERTY, BUT RELIGION ALSO.

Ever since the awakening of human intelligence in Europe near the close of the thirteenth century, which historians now designate as the *Renaissance*, and which was the precursor of the Protestant Reformation, Liberty has been gaining ground in all the civilized regions of the world. It has been one of the most dominant forces in the production of modern civilization. Before that epoch there was not much liberty in the world in our modern sense of the word,—not much liberty of thought, nor of speech, nor of civil and social rights. What little of it there was in the centuries immediately before that epoch was in Mohammedanism rather than in Christianity. In Christendom, the State and the church and almost the home had become one, and that one was the church. The ecclesiastical power ruled everywhere, and ruled with a stern and often bloody hand; ruled to the repression of thought and learning, of individual faculty and aspiration, of scientific research and civil freedom. At the *Renaissance*, the liberty of intellectual inquiry which Mohammedanism had tolerated and which had crept up through Spain into northern Italy and central Europe, revolted against the ecclesiastical tyranny of Rome and began to defy the papal bounds. And from that time onward, during the five centuries that have followed, history has been a succession of conflicts between these two powers,—of conflicts in silent suffering, though with deathly hand-to-hand grip, or of conflicts amid the din and rush of arms. A succession of conflicts; but through them Liberty has been steadily gaining the field. At times crushed by the heavier powers against her, she has risen again to the struggle with redoubled ardor, to win her cause at last. And now her victorious forces have gone so far that, from her present vantage-ground, she can easily descry her coming complete triumph, and knows that there is no power on the earth that *can* prevent it, nor in the heavens that *will*. Every year brings the final battle nearer.

There may be a fierce contest yet in Russia between the now strangled and struggling aspirations of the people and the semi-ecclesiastical despotism which the Russian government is; but every intelligent man, American man at least, knows what must be the end to such a conflict: the people must win. Despotism must yield to them the full measure of their rational rights. Fortunate if it shall be wise enough to yield in time by peaceful reformation, and thus draw off the forces of the violent revolution that is already seething under the throne of Russian ecclesiastical imperialism. Everywhere the signs multiply that modern civilization is rapidly becoming anti-ecclesiastical; that is, is being emancipated from the church, whether Christian or any other, as an all-dominant power in civil government and among social forces.

The full triumph of Liberty, indeed, as against the long dominion of ecclesiastical authority, is so near at hand — so near, relative to these great movements of history, even though it does not come for several generations yet — that the question already presses, What is to be the consequence? and especially, What is to be the consequence to religion?

It is not possible that any institution which has held through so many ages such a place of supreme command in human affairs as has the church, should be degraded from that position without bringing a great change into the elemental forces that operate upon human life and destiny. Some very important, very momentous consequence must follow. What is it? There are many persons who affirm, and who affirm it with all earnestness and seriousness of conviction, that the consequence, if this triumphal advance of Liberty continues, is to be nothing less than the ultimate disappearance of religion itself. All those who have resisted the advance and still adhere to the old order of things, all those who still believe that, as religion is the supreme interest of men, so the ecclesiastical institution and power, which represent the embodiment of religion, should properly hold the supreme temporal as well as spiritual sovereignty in all human affairs, — all who still hold to this doctrine, in Christendom or any other religion, assert that this degradation of the ecclesiastical power is to be the destruction of religion. That is the argument which the Roman Catholics use for maintaining the temporal sovereignty of the church as represented in the Pope. And that is what the Jesuits are urging against the Republican *regime* in France to-day. When the French Republic converted the monasteries and their presiding priests from masters into servants, Jesuitism cried, "We must be masters or nothing," and went away. And now it points back to the alleged growing irreligion and godlessness

of France in proof of the truth of its position. All these opponents of liberty, of course, are defenders of religion, and they use the argument as a warning. If you would have religion exist and keep its power, you must equip it, they urge, with all the substantial realities of power. Denude it of its externals of authority, and you expose it to perish.

But, on the other hand, there are not a few among the hosts of Liberty who affirm the same thing; who also declare, and declare it with equal earnestness of conviction, that the overthrow of ecclesiastical sovereignty will be followed by the ultimate destruction of religion itself; and who further declare that this is the very thing they desire and aim at. They argue that religion is the arch-enemy of human liberty; that it is religion that has created all the ecclesiastical tyranny,—all the superstitions that have degraded, and idolatries that have enslaved, and priesthoods that have hoodwinked and defrauded mankind: therefore, they conclude, it will be the proper climax of Liberty's victories, when, not merely the material throne or the palace where religion has held sway, but religion itself shall perish.

Now, in spite of the fact that these two extremes of the opposing armies are thus unanimous in their conviction of what will be the result of the contest if Liberty goes on to triumph, I venture to doubt their prophecy. I count myself, and have always been proud to be counted by others, among the most uncompromising advocates of Liberty on all questions of religion whatever, as well as of political rights. I would put no fetters on human thought; lay no yoke on the human mind but that of subjection to the laws of its own best service; place no limits at which human inquiry is to stop in its researches; draw no lines about any institution or book or person, and say, "Approach not here—this is holy ground." Nothing can be holier than human thought in the reverent search after truth.

Truth and thought are but the two sides of one whole. Thought is dangerous if separated from truth. Truth is impracticable without a thinker to embody it. They come together to "frame the shrine for godhead meet." The magnetism that draws finite thought toward boundless truth, henceforth to trust it and follow it, is the very spirit of worship. I say, then, draw no limits beyond which human research is not to go. Send down your plummets into earth's most hidden depths. Dredge the protoplasmic ooze from her deepest seas. Pierce the farthest skies with your telescope, and catch the creative elements, if you can, in the very secret of beginning a world from a chaos of fire-mist. Apply all the possible powers of microscopic invention to the dust-atoms under your feet, and learn, if

you can, how they may possibly rise into a human brain and set up thinking and doing righteousness. Stop nowhere, where thought, with sanity, can go. And from every point, far and near, bring back the exact facts, whatever they are. Flinch from no one of them. Shrink from none of them as if they could be possibly harmful. Cover up and conceal none of them as if your judgment of what ought to be true were better than the truth itself. Even if, after the final search by the whole human race, could such a search ever be *final*—in one man's experience it must needs be infinitesimally small—but even if the answer to the search must be that there is no God nor God-power anywhere to be found, but only blind forces and cells that account for everything whether matter or mind, still, I would say, were that answer ever possible to the untrameled search of the best aggregate thought of the human race, shrink not from it, trust it, and make the best of the powers and facts that do exist. If that be the truth, we want to know it. If that *is* the truth, we have to live in constant, close relation to it, and so for us it would be the best thing to know. Whatever the result, this full, free, absolute right of inquiry on all themes and realms of thought do I claim for the human mind. I claim it, because, without liberty as a condition, there can be no growth of human nature to a completed manhood; no development of the essential and natural faculties of humanity to their evidently destined goal; no maturing of the human race.

But, while I thus unqualifiedly make the plea for Liberty, I just as unqualifiedly make the plea for Religion also; and I make it on the basis of free rational thought; of thought under the full liberty of reason. Liberty? Yes, by all means; but Religion notwithstanding. I find the foundations of the one just as adequate, and just as ineradicably grounded in reason, as those of the other. As I find liberty to be a necessary condition of humanity's development and progress to the normal completeness of existence, so I find religion to be elementally rooted in human nature, its elements essential elements of human nature itself, and its proportional development a necessary part of the completed, harmonious development of humanity. I cannot rationally accept the doctrine, advanced by some members of the Liberal school of thought at the present day, that religion and liberty are incompatible, and that, as liberty of thought progresses, religion must wane to its end. I believe, on the contrary, that, while they have often been most bitter enemies, they may be the best of allies. I believe, indeed, that each is absolutely necessary to the best condition of the other. Religion without

liberty becomes ecclesiastical despotism. Liberty without religion becomes a selfish and suicidal individualism. Freedom alone, unguided, unbridled, may manifest for a time a mighty energy; but it soon wastes itself and rushes to destruction. Steam harnessed in a railroad locomotive is a tremendous power. But it is only when the locomotive is held to an iron track which scientific skill has invented, and is guided by an engineer who obeys implicitly the laws of mechanics, that it is capable of performing its incalculable services for mankind. Left to run wild over the ground, it is only an engine of destruction, and is very soon brought to the end of its career by the stronger constant forces of friction and gravity. So of liberty; it must be rationally guided in order to fulfill its destined mission for human advancement. Left unrestrained by mental or moral law, it is destroyed by its own violence. The absolute condition of all human development and growth, it is yet in itself neither constructive nor creative. In itself, it is simply the wild energy of human nature. To give it character and efficiency, the highest human faculties must impregnate and control it. Hence I say, Liberty must be guided by reason and consecrated by the spirit of religion. Liberty of thought and thoughtful religiousness must be wedded together to produce the highest types of character. We want a freedom that is religious and a religion that is free.

But why, ask some of our Liberal friends, is not free *thought*, or *reason*, enough without the religion? Allow, they say, that freedom alone is dangerous; but ally it with enlightened, rational thought, and you balance it and make it safe. Yes, I might answer, if the thought be only large enough, profound enough. But when it is that, *it takes religion in its scope.* I have never seen broached any philosophy of the universe which did not seem to me fatally narrow and shallow, if it did not include the substance of idea and motive which underlies and pervades man's religious history. I know how they argue who think that liberty of thought and the discoveries of science and increasing general knowledge are to dissipate and destroy religion. They identify religion with the institutions and dogmas it has created; with the superstitions it has tolerated and fostered; with the false and sometimes monstrous creeds it has produced; with the oppressive ecclesiasticisms it has established: with the outrages and atrocities which have been committed in its name against freedom of thought and freedom of person. And I can well understand how religion itself has come to be denounced and resisted because of the long catalogue of cruel oppressions and inhumanities standing in history

against its name. These opponents argue that where there is so much of evil in the result, the source must be evil. Cause and consequence are, in their view, one and fatally implicated together. And since increasing knowledge and freedom achieved in spite of ecclesiastical repression of thought are certainly removing the evil consequences, the cause, they say, that is, the religious sentiment and idea (which are only a superstition in their view) must also disappear. Superstition is the cause, inhumanity is the result: therefore they must both go together.

But let us look a little closer at this argument. The work of removing the evil consequences that have developed in the history of religion is no new thing. The form of the work in our time may be somewhat new, but the process itself is old. The institutions, the creeds, the ceremonials of worship, the forms of church government, the quality and measure of ecclesiastical power, have been in process of flux and change throughout the whole history of mankind. And yet religion itself, the soul, the inner idea, the vital creative essence, of creed and institution and church and ceremonial, has survived. They count without their host who think that religion is easily to be destroyed. Among the oldest human forces on this planet, it bids fair to remain among the latest forces with which man will have to deal. From the beginnings of primeval tradition a supreme and dominating interest in human affairs, nothing in the whole career of human development has shown itself more persistently vital. Through all the external changes to which the religious sentiment has been subjected — the wars, the downfalls of civilizations, the migrations of peoples, the transformations of kingdoms and nations — it has held its course, and is as alive in the human race to-day as it ever was. Violently attacked and sometimes thought to be slain and buried, it has revived with fresh life and power. When the splendid civilizations of Greece and Rome went to pieces, their religious systems went down with them. Pious men and women, seeing the havoc that was being made among the shrines and the deities, feared that religion was about to perish and that all human hopes would be wrecked with it. A new religion came along; and the old shrines and statues and hopes and festivals, with some modification of meaning and form, were baptized with new names, and religion became more powerful than ever, grasping even the imperial sceptre of the Cæsars. In our own country, when liberty demanded that State and church should be separated, and religion was left without governmental support, the alarmists said it would die of starvation. It adapted itself at once to the situation, devised ways and means for

the new condition of things, and has prospered all the more. After resistance in any conflict has proved vain, religion picks up, indeed, the very arguments you have hurled at it as stones to slay it, turns them over, examines them at its leisure, and finally — *eats* them; converts them into nutriment, and lives upon them. This all-assimilating power of religion is what gives it its inseparable hold on existence. And this process of vital assimilation is going on rapidly to-day. The church is taking the very things which you say are going to destroy it — the increasing knowledge, the liberty of thought, the new science, the new philanthrophy, the humanitarian sympathies enfranchised from the tyranny of dogma — and is going into council upon them. She is looking over the hostile arguments, and by-and-by she will make them into good digestible bread and swallow them, as she has so many like things before, and continue existence on the new nourishment thus gained. It is plain that you cannot easily kill such a power as that,—a power that changes the very stones of its assailants into the bread of life.

Now, what is the secret of this marvelous tenacity of life which religion possesses? It is to be found, I think, in the fact that the religious sentiment is rooted ineradicably in the constitution, in the very soil and substance, of human nature itself. It draws its sustenance from the same sources from which the human mind itself is fed, and therefore has the same tenure of existence as has the faculty of reason or of conscience. The root of religion goes down far below the changing creeds, below the ecclesiasticisms, that are shaped by the exigent beliefs of special epochs and nations, or the ceremonials of worship, that come for a time, for a sect, for an age, and go as they come at the demand of new ideas. All these come, and change, and pass in their season as the foliage and fruits of a tree. But the trunk, the root, remains, one and the same, running down deep to the very bottommost elements of human nature, and perennial with the life of that nature itself. It is susceptible to the same culture, and ready to vitalize the grafts of new thoughts and sympathies, which shall result in grander deeds. The secret of religion's hold on existence, its root-idea and motive, consists in the fact that man finds himself in actual relation to a universe as part and product of it, which continually elicits from him the question of the *Whence* and the *Wherefore* of things. He is bound to this universe and its vital forces, whatever they are and whether he understands them aright or not, by ties of thought, of sentiment, of action, which he can no more sever than he can cut the chain of gravitation which binds the earth to the sun. From this actual relation to the universe and its life-powers man can never escape until

he can accomplish the feat of escaping from himself. And religion — to venture a definition — is the expression of this relation of man to the Universal Power and Life: the expression of it in thought, in feeling, in deed. It is conscious mind's gravitation to truth,— and to truth conceived as a complete, full-rounded globe, even though the mind be also conscious that it can never comprehend the whole circumference of that globe. It is the conscious heart's recognition of a sovereign law of rectitude and love, even though the heart know it cannot fathom the whole process of that law. It is human life in practical, organic, vital, *present* union with that supreme truth and rectitude and love, even though unable to solve all the problems of the *Whence* and the *Whither*.

One point further remains to be considered: the expression of religion in institutions of worship. Theological ideas now becoming obsolete have doubtless, in a large degree, determined the outward forms and ceremonials of religion, in Christian and in other faiths. But is it not possible, nay probable, that, though these theological ideas should be entirely displaced by more rational conceptions, or, if still held, should be subordinated to objects of practical righteousness, people will still find it profitable to their highest welfare to come together in a common meeting-place, for mutual incitement in the pursuit of truth and the practice of right, and for self-consecration to worthier ideals of living?— not to speak of that inward communion and uplifting of spirit with thoughts of the Most High, which our words may hint, but not define. That simple and homely old Puritan phrase, "meeting-house,"— the "going" not to "church," as now, but to "meeting,"— contains the germ of the free, rational, and democratic idea of the religious assembling of people together. It is a place and way for people to *meet each other*,— to meet each other not simply as social beings or as neighbors, but on the very highest ground possible to mankind,— that of their common relationship to the Universal Power and Life. It is a place for thought to meet thought, conscience to meet conscience, heart to meet heart, on equal terms and a common basis, for mutual quickening and helpfulness in the highest things. What loftier aim in life can there be than to live, and to wish to live, for the sake of helping forward a universe which is in struggle to produce a society of conscious souls, living in harmony with the lines of truth and right and moral beauty? What joy can be finer, purer, more spiritual, than that of participating in such a work? What cause for gratitude more profound than that of having the opportunity to live for such an object?

And it is not too much to expect that all these sentiments and motives will, at some time, find a fit and natural embodiment in a common social service, independent of specific theologies, as an expression of human adoration of the Highest and Best; an expression of man's effort to make his life a *Worth-ship*—to use the ancient form of the word—or a vessel for the safe communication of Divine purposes and laws into human activities and institutions. In such a service poetry and song, even more than the words of wisdom from inspiring speakers, and a nobler music than has yet been composed, shall lend their instrumentality to utter the gladness, the aspiration, the reverence, the trust, the fraternal sympathy, the consecrated enthusiasm and devotion of the participants, and to lift them to higher and ever-ascending levels of moral purpose and action. Shall not the actual facts, which even science discloses, of this wondrous world, where human beings bear so responsible a part, furnish as valid a basis for such a service as has been offered by the blind faiths of superstitious theologies? Shall not the mature, disciplined mind of the human race in its manhood, with its established serenity, courage, and gladsome love in serving the truth, furnish even better material for worshipful utterance than could the childish yearnings and fears, begotten of weakness and ignorance, in the youthful ages of the world?

At least, if religion be, as I have endeavored to show, an inherent, constitutional relation and function of the human mind, we may trust it to stay in the world and to give always some fitting account of itself. Discover the secret of the natural gravitation between the thinking human mind and the intelligible facts of the universe, between the human will and the sovereign law of virtue, and you are near religion's primal force and perpetual fountain. Let the attraction be powerful enough to become a practical enthusiasm for doing true and noble work, and, call it philosophy, call it philanthrophy, call it morality, or spirituality, or science even, it is, under any and every name, the essence and power of religion. It binds humanity to a boundless search after an Eternal Cause: it bends humanity to the service of the law of an Eternal Right: it builds humanity, through the forces of character, into an ever-growing organism, wherein shall dwell and work the veritable spirit and power of the Eternal Being.

William J. Potter.

THEODORE PARKER: SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In the sentiment of the world Theodore Parker has always represented the militancy of the spirit. The events with which his life was most nearly associated had mainly to do with contest, rebuke and prophecy. These are not pacifying agents. To fight, even for things of justice, is called barbaric. To rebuke, even where the subject is sin, is thought rough and uncivilized. To prophesy beyond the average circle is rejected as conceit and dismemberment. So that, lacking certain chief merits which mediocrity esteems, Parker opened neither present nor future to a necessitous veneration.

But to halt here would be to tell only a part of his story. Some who think they love him fear his power, forgetting that they cannot love who fear. Individuals and groups and societies for which he fought shrink from the vehement shock of his personality. There was one church for which he did long and valorous service, in times when adherence in such freedom as always distinguished him had meanings which no single institution could monopolize — and only to-day that body, which entered upon his estate, which once made him its outcast, has caught up sufficiently to acknowledge that his action and resolve must be a heritage they have long enjoyed. All the storm of his career, all the perils he welcomed and the defeats he withstood, all the passion of his protest against tawdry shams and sickly pietisms, but throw out the suspicion of his vast area of faith and influence.

Parker's life remains to be written. Some one must yet come who will take his splendid humanity and dwell upon what it contributes to the absorbing forces of historic development. No partisan can put tape upon it. It resists appropriation. Any endeavor to portray it must be the work of unsectarian hand and mind. The things that need to be said for him attach to eternal belongings that keep his spirit abreast of the amplest discoveries of new generations. The competent eye must have remembrance and insight — must desert all minor criterions and see him race-large. Chronicle, story, so far as they attach to this heroic figure, will know it by limb and lineament of love. The pen that tells of Parker must dip in blood of sympathetic martyrdom. No justice can be done to him except by some brain that really knows the nature and effect of sympathy. Mawkish and stupid gentility, soft and effeminating hush of emotion, idle and contemptible surrender to the form and tradition of meekness, can have no conception of the work he did. Parker had that sympathy for man which dares to rebuke. He loved man in summons as well as in

praise. He exampled men to sublimity, pointed them to their own big possibilities, decreed them great as they saw greatly,— lashed, invoked, and, most of all, aided them in struggle and dismay. He knew man could never be lifted by false sympathies. He realized that, the more our love, the braver its attitude, the sturdier its blow. All was for good's sake. He, too, could slip. Not always was his gaze on the height, or his foot on upward way. But for himself or for others he commanded all resources of sorrow and inspiration, candor and censure, the liberty of the air, the tribute of the earth. Nothing in him was militant but this superb sympathy. Sympathy was the dynamic Parker. Yet men in denial gave him to pillories of respectable elegance and suavity. They showed little capacity to accept the heroic virtues. Counsel of friend instantly made friend enemy. Word of prophet was word of devil. So for decades Parker's fame has crept to a slow maturity. Whose at last shall be the joy to give this picture the hue and touch of truth? Parker was no hound, scenting upon dim ways for innocent prey. All his pursuit was of truths which could be again pursuers of life. He has not wanted in lovers, nor in sweet appreciation. Isolated friends have acknowledgd him. But the world at large seems to know little of the giant man and his giant work. Even Liberals rarely penetrate the gathered misconceptions of his origin and purpose. Many would narrow him to sect observance; many would reject him as utterly outgrown. These errors, whether of partisan or ignoramus, should be swept away.

Lately, a little volume has appeared which more nearly touches justice for Parker than any estimate hitherto sent forth.* And curiously, this work, too, by as rare a hand as ever labored with problems of religion, is little heralded, does not seem to be greatly welcomed, and brings to him who wrote it the scarce applause of obscurity. As few knew Parker or to-day value him at his best, few have known Johnson or apprehended the immense range and necessary immortality of his graphic histories of religious pilgrimage. Johnson was sympathetic, and could therefore maintain the vivid line and color of such a theme as here engaged him. The present monograph, finished shortly before his death, given recently to ink and paper by loving hands, has therefore unique value. In breadth and copiousness of style it lacks nothing. In minute precision it shows the want of those final revisions which always left the work Johnson printed in his life-time perfect and secure. The volume presents first of all what the editors have called an "Introductory Address,"—a

* Theodore Parker. A Lecture. By Samuel Johnson.

sweet and eloquent tribute to Parker, compounded at the time of his death, and discovered here to-day in crumpled and yellowed manuscript. The "lecture" proper was evidently an elaborate work. There were several drafts of it, besides a mass of brief notes and references indicating in their author phenomenal assiduity, integrity and system. It is not often a writer pays so great a respect to his task. But his fulness made Johnson final arbiter in many matters which other men, with vastly magnified reputations, surrendered or slurred. Johnson never tried to belittle a problem he could not throw. He wrote three books which in a sense command and dominate the world they exhibit. He so entered and revered the glow of distant scriptures that angry provincialism accused him of deserting land and home. The justice he brought to investigation so attracted imagined alien virtues that the whole evidence of the spirit, East and West, was melody in his voice. He was a man who cared nothing for names. To deny him Christianity or label him Christian was all one. He read but world-signs. He was never deceived by sounding or antique reputations. He received even ignorance, as he received philosophy, in the spirit of its peculiar terminology. He could not, for instance, discover atheists any more than argument for atheism. To him every man was atheist if you took his atheist side. But man was not *division* — he was *unity*, and by unity must be judged. And judging of man in essence Johnson saw love and goodness, and could say — This, surely, is not atheism: for here is virtue; and virtue is hope — and with hope denial never yet has grown. So rich an intelligence, equal to loftiest interpretations whatever the mass of confusing detail, set in these special spheres, has not, with this exception, so far appeared for America. Reviewing all the testimony, we well may ask, looking now at this gift of his heart, what reflection of abiding force it is that such a man sees in Parker.

Parker was a great scholar not so much by useless accumulation as by ability to use the vast fund of knowledge at his command. His convictions extended but little hospitality to schools. His prophecy was of natural religion. Truth abides not in anomaly but in law. Parker was justified in his ancestry, his physical purity, his spiritual pedigree. He came easily by all earlier controversies as to the warrant of conscience, duty, the Infinite. Abelard, Luther, Vico, Laplace, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Lessing, Locke, Cudworth — the whole line of philosophical eminence — rocked his cradle, made his bed, provided him distinct foregleams. Without all these he never could have resulted. To Transcendentalism he gave action and concrete association. He was to some extent a product of German thought — that richer growth which meant not

mystery but liberty and humanity. He felt the "Moral Absolute" as few men then or before him or now. He foreshadowed modern ethical controversies which leave no shrine to meaner devotions. Nor did he come to an altogether unheeding world. There were many to whom his message was supreme joy. Often these were the poor and the uncouth. But the divine spark had entered such souls and hallowed their rags. Abolition had lifted many heresies into life. Before all he was democratic. His democracy was not of an audacious type, but its terms were unmistakable. He was radical by holiest necessity. In political as in religious spheres he saw the law back of the law, and preached it. Time was swifter to bring his political than his religious justification. What he said for the slave is proved in all recent history. In religion he has been a convict, the common verdict still negative in measure and emphasis. To him America "is a summons to first principles." Its appeal is against king, priest, book, ritual. It goes straight to origins, insists upon universal hospitalities, leaves persons for ideas, accepts fresh inspiration as the pulse and safety of each new decade, decrees self-government. Parker never missed the swell and urge of this perennial stream. By its gifts he examined Unitarianism and too often found it, as Darwin's grandfather would have wittily said, "a feather-bed to catch a falling Christian." Believing in human nature, denying authority, he could not, sharing the love of any sect, close any doors behind him. Nothing should interpose between God and the soul. Redeemer, miracle, church tended to destroy the intimacy of this communion. Parker was no functionary. He arrayed against spiritual aristocracy. He was adverse to daintiness, hated the Unitarian tendency to back and fill between "creed and no creed." He was loyal to the high instructions of ancestry, never lost his sense of the inspiration of the sea and forest, of contact with flower and man. His was no cloister life. He gave his scholarship for man. His conscience was sensitive to the last touch of sin. His was a realism glowing with instant creation. He felt his debt to man and discharged it scrupulously. Knowing his own willingness to pay the last demand, he exacted a similar fidelity from others. This opened him to varied accusations of arrogance. But no charge so lacked in historic connection. He was a democratic Socrates. He loved ideas when they were free but feared them as pressed into institutions. He was less the speculative than practical thinker; his style was adapted to average understandings; he was prolific in the fund of his illustrations, took men to themselves, "postponed beauty to utility, Michael Angelo to Franklin," was hated by orthodoxies, participated in every reform. He was ex-

horter and prophet, loved contest when it had its high purpose, himself felt most the blow he was forced to inflict. He was no absolute destructionist, though destruction inhered to his task. He was Theist, firmly adherent to the facts of intuition, theoried that what man cannot see for himself no merely formal external revelation could convey. But he was less prover of truth than inspirer of those who would prove life for themselves. He was freest of Bible critics, remembering his day, yet reverent of all great truths it enclosed. Even his rejection of miracle was gentle, though based on the great positive recognitions of physical law. He surrendered the vulgar for the universal miracle. He looked upon Jesus as a man, yet thought him possessed of divine elements, as perhaps any man might be, for more or less. Jesus to him was reformer. Sometimes we do indeed find him about to attribute qualities to Jesus inconsistent with this view, but his prevailing mood was modern and radical. Though inclined at first to use old phrases, giving them his individual meanings, he eventually saw that this was rather the method of weakness than of strength. Parker made no complete presentment of Jesus. In his view of Jesus, as in his view of Christianity, he was naturally not level with latest criticism or spiritual conviction. But he was before all disciple of that absolute religion which yet is the world's right and surely is its future. Christianity could not furnish such final attestations. Nor could any single race-utterance. All must have all — else is not the world enclosed. But Parker's vast work was in the right direction. It saved history from settling narrowly on single persons. Parker was hardly metaphysician, except in some secondary sense, but a burning flame of practical and spiritual democracy. His hard blows were at supernaturalism. He took us forward to unseen or neglected factors by which life finds unbarriered contact with earliest dawn. So his thought embodied many demonstrations that precursored the Free Religion of these later years.

It is in some such way that Johnson might be stated. I have only adhered to the spirit of his monograph. I think his book allows the substance of all I have written. All through these majestic pages are influxes of new light impossible to the older Parker and possible to but few men even of Johnson's own day or ours. Johnson was far beyond Parker in respect to convictions of cosmical life. He knew the world of Eastern religions. He lived to accept later scientific contributions to knowledge. He had no sect anxieties whatever. His thought was wholly bent upon the announcement of the unity of being. He had the largest compass of appreciation. East or West, a thousand years ago or to-day, were one to him. He received

prophecy because he was himself prophet. No tumultuous longings of creed and philosophy for conquest and reign preyed upon his soul and gnawed its subtle wisdom with throbbing care. Such a giant turning eyes back upon some past hero, misjudged or unknown, can open all pathways, dissipate all darkness, take us home with step unerring and serene. He has understood what it is that makes a man live beyond his own generation, and he penetrates at once to this unceasing life. But that now and then history were so written, it were all but mockery and disaster.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

THERE is a prevailing prejudice in society against the so-called criminal classes. So strong is this prejudice that we scarcely ever give them a thought, or question the justice or necessity of the existence of such classes. We hear of them, see them, read of them, as so many units in a great mass in which we have no interest or sympathy. We learn of "so many in the County jails, so many in the bridewells, so many hanged each year, so many 'run in,' so many packed into 'Black Marias' and 'sent up' for six months or a year"—units, nothing more, and all of the same denomination, to be added to, subtracted from, multiplied, and got out of the way in the easiest manner possible. Who pauses to consider that each one is a human being with wants, desires, needs, capabilities, feelings, emotions; that they are subject to conditions, as we all are, and that back of the waywardness and suffering there are *causes*, as there must be wherever there are effects? Some even of the few thinkers who have given them a little consideration shrink from them, as a class entirely different from themselves, something to avoid close contact with—something too disagreeable for closer investigation. A criminal naturally becomes "Number So-and-so" in the minds of the people as well as in the mind of his keeper. It would be well if some of us divested ourselves of all prejudice and began to consider them as fellow-beings.

What constitutes a criminal? What particularly distinguishes him from other men? Is it the moral (or unmoral) condition of his mind; or the actual deeds he has committed? The spontaneous answer of most readers would be, "By both these characteristics is he distinguished." But is this always true?

People exist whose moral condition is as corrupt as can be imagined, aud yet they are not called criminals. There are people who violate the liberty of other individuals,

who "take something for nothing," rob of those who rightfully own, are sometimes drunk and disorderly, even cause the death of their fellow-beings,— and yet keep their positions as "prominent citizens," "respectable," "pillars of society." There are, at the same time, many persons among the classes called criminal who are kind-hearted, affectionate, generous and brave, perhaps even refined, intellectual. Some of them never stole, or murdered, or destroyed property. Probably more has been taken from them than they ever purloined, and in a majority of cases they have added to rather than decreased the aggregate of human happiness. Thus it can be neither the moral character nor the actual deeds which alone designates the criminal.

The one thing that marks a human being a criminal is the stamp of the law. When the "law of the land" is put in motion against any person, he is already in the toils. When the policeman places his hand on his shoulder, the taint is on him; when the iron door clangs behind him, the stain is deeper, and the moment the judge pronounces sentence his grade is fixed — he is almost hopelessly a criminal for life.

The criminal classes are almost invariably from the ranks of the poor — this we believe will be generally acknowledged. The fact argues for the radical side of the question in two ways. If the poor only are punished — with arrests, prisons, and scaffolds — then the law must be partial. It in truth seems to be active only in suppressing the discontented, rebellious tendencies of the poverty-stricken. Why? For the benefit and security of the rich? If indeed the poor alone *need* punishment, while the wealthy are generally well-behaved, the fact proves that *conditions* have everything to do with man's conduct in life. This is practically asserting that, with poverty eliminated, crime would cease to exist.

There is truth in both assumptions. The rich, who are usually well-educated and cultured, do not commit those coarse and bungling acts for which common arrests are made. They are not apt to place themselves in such vulgar situations. Now and then a Wren or a Tweed is sacrificed to save some bigger and richer gang, but as a rule the wealthy classes direct their course through other paths. Mainly, the criminals come from the very poor. One instinctively connects squalor and misery with the criminal classes. Yet squalor and misery are *made* — brought about by certain inevitable causes, as surely as fevers are brought about by impure air and filthy surroundings. Where better can we look for these causes than in the power, existing in all ages, which is able to make and unmake "conditions," and does so? Some form of government

has existed since man's development reached the stage of barter and exchange. In primitive times, physical superiority rendered the savage a chief. By his greater strength he commanded the aid of his weaker fellows and gained possession of more cattle, weapons, tools, than the others. Fear of natural phenomena aided such chiefs in the subjection of their fellow-beings. The thunders, lightnings, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanic-eruptions, eclipses, which were to them so terrible and incomprehensible, inspired a superstitious awe, of which the few less timorous men were quick to take advantage. The strong and brave were supposed to exert an influence over the unseen and dreaded powers. Thus, when a chief could not control all his subjects by his personal presence and strength, he *could make a law,* backed by his priestly power or supposed relations with the invisible terrors, and know that it would be obeyed. As civilization advanced and became more complex, the combined power of king and priest became more inflexible and fixed. The king's person bore a charmed and sacred character — not to obey and adore him was to be treacherous and depraved. He held the lives of millions of his subjects at his beck and call. His power fed on its very exercise, until a Xerxes could command a number of the most beautiful and brave of his youths and maidens to be buried alive without inciting a murmur of rebellion from his slaves. Society slowly progressed, and some little measure of wisdom permeated the stupid, abject masses. The personality of the king began to hold less awe for the people, but his decrees were of more importance. The laws he made were sacred.

Then, as men advanced, the idea grew that the king himself must abide by his own laws. The people began to feel their own power just sufficiently to set certain limits on what a king might or might not do, and "limited monarchies" came into existence. Still for many years a divinity that was unquestioned "hedged about a king." It was a great step in advance when obedience to one man (whose power was limited only by a very flexible constitution) was displaced by laws framed by representatives chosen from among the people. The accomplishment of this great stride has endowed the new regime with a power almost equal to that of ancient rulers. The awe in which "law" is held — the sacredness surrounding an edict put forth by men set apart for that purpose — is as great as that once surrounding the sacred personality of a king.

The change from monarchical power to the rule of a majority was brought about in this country in so startling and triumphant a manner that undue importance is given it, and to-day a most religious reverence for the "will of the majority," or rather for laws supposed to represent the

will of the majority, prevails, be that will good, bad or indifferent in its influence on the welfare of the people. This supposed "goverment of, by, and for the people" can execute more despotic laws *unquestioned*, than can a crowned magnate in the "effete monarchies." Mis-named patriotism takes the place of old superstitious fears, and the stamp of "legality" purifies a thousand tyrannical deeds.

Through every phase of government in all ages, criminals have been *people who broke the laws.* Mark the distinction: moral or immoral conduct has really nothing to do with it —the wickedness of the criminal has consisted in his being a *law-breaker*, the coincidence of law and morality in some instances being purely accidental. Criminality, therefore, depends upon the kind of laws in existence and the conditions these laws create for their subjects. During the years following the Reformation, millions—try to imagine what that means—millions of freedom-loving, intelligent men and women, endowed with an inward longing to *think*, in Holland, Spain, France, England and Italy, were declared *criminals* by the legal, established governments of the day, and were burned at the stake or tortured to death in other ways. It was made a crime by statute enactment to think, write or act except in strict accordance with the edicts of church and State, and such "crime" was punished by officers of the law appointed by governmental power.

During the years of the slow change from feudalism to the commercial system, when a large class of "freed serfs," with no place on the face of the earth on which they had a right to set their feet, were sent adrift from the old baronial estates,—the monasteries, where many people had been fed, being at about the same time broken up and despoiled,—the conditions were, of necessity, such that life and property were never safe from depredation. Did wise rulership provide for such a condition, and seek some relief for distressed humanity? No—they passed "laws" innumerable, until the whole mass of robbed, homeless, starved human beings were made "criminals." They were hanged for vagrancy, for beggary, for theft, for irreverence to a nobleman, for rebellion, for everything it was perfectly natural a people so situated should do. Did the so-called crime cease, for all this legal cruelty? Instead, there were more cases of "crime" during the one hundred years in which hanging was so prevalent in England, than in any other three hundred years of its history; and not until a more natural outlet manifested itself for the pent up, wronged and hopeless people, through the growth and spread of commercialism and the opening up of new

countries, was there any relief from the crime-stricken and blood-stained situation of the country.

Rebellion to the established government, if unsuccessful, has always been the worst of crimes, and has been punished without mercy. Treason was the blackest crime in the category, and merited the extreme penalty of the law. The idea that subjects had a right to criticize and seek to change the powers above them was first embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and proved that our forefathers were endowed with a greater love for liberty than for governments. They *feared* a strongly-established, fixed form of government. Jefferson said, "God forbid that this country should ever be more than twenty-five years without a revolution." Without doubt, they believed they had founded an organization of society in which punishment for treason would be impossible. Alas! for their hopes.

So late as within thirty years, in the United States, it has been legally stamped a crime to protest against the owning, whipping, working to death, buying and selling of human beings. It was a crime to feed or protect a black fellow-being fleeing towards freedom. It was a crime punishable with death to aid a slave in resisting his master's cruelty. To-day, these things that have been by law considered "criminal" are recognized as natural, sacred, personal *rights*. It is acknowledged that governments were wrong in entitling such natural acts "criminal," and in punishing them as such. The most conservative will now admit that legal authority was wrong when it called *thought* a crime, and met it with rack and fagot; that it was *wrong* to hang men for taking something to sustain life when every legitimate means of providing for natural wants was closed to them; that it was wrong to condemn men to death for criticizing its methods; that government was wrong in legally sanctioning the ownership of human beings, in punishing those who protested with those who, true to human sympathy, aided a suffering and hunted fellow-creature. And it is fast growing to be generally acknowledged that when a boastful, free and enlightened government put to death or imprisoned eight large-hearted, brave and intelligent men because they pleaded the cause of the oppressed and poor, it committed a cruel wrong that ages cannot blot out.

The awful mistakes and needless suffering thus imposed by governments in the past are acknowledged. Is every one so sure that the mistakes are all over? that established authority has turned wise and good, and that whomsoever it stamps "criminal" must be essentially bad and depraved? It is easy to hold this. It is easy to think of the throngs sweeping from street to station-house, from station-house

to bridewells, from bridewells to jails, from jails to penitentiaries and scaffolds, as well-deserving of their fate. It shirks an uneasy responsibility. All important members of society would like to believe it. The judge who condemns, the constables who arrest, the prison-keepers who guard — all the officialism of law that thrives on the sins of others — are content that their complacent belief should be undisturbed. Merchants, speculators, rich manufacturers who live in luxurious homes surrounded by well-behaved families, editors of popular journals who chronicle from their high posts of observation the doings of the bad common people, well-paid lecturers and writers who treat of the ways of the wicked lower-classes as an entomologist studies the habits of insects which he captures, are all apparently superior to laws, and can think with ease of punishments dealt out to a deserving class.

But of causes and conditions? The *reasons* for the ever-increasing army of criminals from out of the ranks of a supposed free and prosperous people? Who studies these causes? Or who, discovering them, cares to give them to the public? It is an unpopular and unpleasant subject, and only those who love truth more than favor will stop to delve deeply into the disagreeable uncleanliness, for *causes*.

Under the supposition that the readers of The New Ideal are of the class of truth-lovers, let us examine briefly one of the commonest of the acts usually classed as crimes. Theft, in its various illegal forms, is doubtless the most common charge. People see on every hand the wonderful products of labor, skill and invention; the lavishness of wealth, which adds to the convenience and pleasure of civilized man at every turn. They have needs, desires, aspirations, feelings, in common with the race. By the side of the ostentatious abundance flaunted in their faces, their own wretched, joyless *want* looms up in appalling dreariness. They are often even denied the opportunity to toil for what they need; for it cannot be denied that, under the present bungling arrangement of industrial affairs, a certain percentage of the world's workers must always be idle. Men grow desperate under constant searching for work, if constantly refused. Or, again, having work, life becomes mere agonized existence under excessive toil which, after all, does not bring sufficient nourishment for their children or adequate comforts for themselves. Children are cursed with an unsatisfied longing — born of mothers who were needing everything; reared in privation within sight of abundance. What wonder that in bitterness of soul the barrier which "law" has erected between mine and thine is sometimes ruthlessly crossed?

The fear of want is as great an incentive to dishonesty among the middle-classes as actual poverty among the

lowest. Poverty, with its low, miserable surroundings, its dreary, impure homes, its ceaseless struggle, its bareness of joy, breeds thieves and drunkards as surely as filth breeds pestilence. Its lack of leisure, and of opportunities for culture whether moral or mental, results in the violation of innocence and purity, fosters coarseness and sensuality. Its inevitable discontent, the groanings of its slave-mothers under enforced parentage, entail on the wretched offspring of the poor the reckless disregard of human life that ends in murder. The inherited degradation of generations of poverty and misery but intensifies the moral corruption — until the wonder is that mankind struggles upward at all: as it certainly does.

Should we carefully examine the great majority of other commonly-called crimes, piercing to their secret causes, we should not grope long for new and startling hints and explanations. Such would spring to being all about us. In a word, all acts which the "law" pronounces "criminal" are either simply the free, spontaneous exercise of intelligence and sympathy ahead of the institutions of the time, or are the results of ignorance, imperfect training, poverty, fear of want,— are a natural outgrowth of the degradation that poverty engenders.

What if we discover that *real* crime — that which causes needless suffering — dwells in the very forms and institutions supposed to exist for the prevention and punishment of crime. It is indeed a startling idea,— and one that marks the promulgator a "dangerous person"? If it is not true, however, surely current institutions will not be harmed by a little honest investigation. *If* true, as truth is better than error, the world must profit by the discovery.

Who are they who make poverty possible in a world of plenty? that turn the laughter of children into weary moans and the smiles of women into hopeless tears? Those who, by various means, continually get "something for nothing." Speculators in the world's food, capitalists who monopolize the medium of exchange and exact usurious rates for the use of it; landlords who fence around miles of land with a lawfully stamped piece of paper; coal and iron barons who relentlessly withhold from use Nature's bounteous gifts; railroad-kings and colossal manufacturers, with all the power of government at their command to enforce their claims against their workers — these are the real criminals, the genuine breakers of law — Nature's law.

Yet none are so sedulous for the maintenance of so-called "law and order" as these. They inspire the masses with a false patriotism which confuses their natural sense of justice, and they invest "government" with a sacredness it does not possess. Their schemes would be impossible without government. No man speculates in wheat without

a legal right to do so, nor holds miles of unused land without titles from government. No coal-baron, railroad-king, or large employer of labor but wields his power over the needs of the people by legal titles or charters. All the power to exploit the products of labor wielded by any man or corporation is obtained and made possible only through government, and is strong only as the government is strong to protect its conferred privileges. The whole machinery of courts, judges, constables, sheriffs, police, jails, prisons, scaffolds, is at the command of those who hold the correct papers from the proper department in the machinery. Good or bad government, despotic or representative, the effect is the same on the people at large — the existence of the machinery is sufficient to support the class that does more actual wrong to the race than any other. Naturally, they shrink from a new idea that tends toward a disarrangement of the present convenient "adjustment" of things, and are first to cry out "criminal" when a thinker advocates any progressive movement. Fearing the united discontent of the laboring people, they are most zealous in urging the instruments of the law to make "criminals" of men and women who manifest rebellion. And none, by-the-by, could be more ready than these "instruments" for the work assigned. Do officials punish to *stop* crime? No, indeed. From petty "shyster" to supreme judge, from humble deputy-constable to the "lord high executioner," not one really wishes crime abated. As the physician thrives only where many are sick, so legal officials prosper only when the people abundantly turn law-breakers. Judges become eminent from the number of victims they send to their doom, as generals become great by the magnitude of their massacres. Governments stamp the wrong things crime, and protect with all their elaborate paraphernalia the actual criminals against the human race. It creates conditions that breed petty criminals, and brands with that baleful name all who protest against its unjust edicts. It protects humanity's real enemy, and hides its genuine nature beneath a cloak of "law-abiding citizenship."

"What would we do with our criminals," it is often asked, "if we had no governments?" They would not be created, in the first place. There would be nothing to brand good men and women with that black legal mark. Free and equal opportunities,— free earth and freedom of exchange,— would generate a people so peaceful, noble and humane that real "criminals"— workers of real wickedness — would be impossible. The few distorted creatures, unfortunate enough to possess inhamonious dispositions under good healthful environments, could be easily dealt with by the individuals surrounding them — those most

concerned in the way they conducted themselves. An evil-disposed person cannot do much mischief single-handed and alone; backed by a strong government he becomes a very dangerous element in society.

Governments have never lessened crime — they have no object in doing so. The necessity of their existence springs only from the evil there is in mankind, and governments, like individuals, recognize self-preservation as the first law. Conditions favorable to the harmonious development of man, are all that are needed to eliminate crime. Remove the barriers from Nature's plenteous resources and man's natural growth upward, and free men and women will live naturally, justly, happily, and live *well.*

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

GETTYSBURG, 1890.

I GAZED upon the painted battle-scene,
And heard the war-cry and the cannon's roar;
I saw where on far hills the sun serene
Smiled through the battle-smoke that brooded o'er.

And "God, O God," I cried in mad regret,
"Still, still to wear away this weary life,
When once I might have wielded bayonet
And borne a share amid the nation's strife!"

But, "Cease! blind heart," the answer came to me,
"E'en now from battle-call thy soul retreats!
Each day some army fights for Liberty,
Each day its Gettysburg some Slave-fiend meets."

H. A. WARREN.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER IN WOMEN.

A LADY wrote a sonnet on Cleopatra. Poets, sculptors, painters, she said, had vied with each other in doing homage to her beauty and unrivaled arts of fascination, and thus in keeping her name immortal. The women of the western world,—

"What shall we leave behind for men to praise,
Whose feet are set in virtue's quiet ways?"

The editor to whom the sonnet was sent, proved one of the kindly disposed who favor the writer with a bit of personal opinion. This is what he wrote: "The question arises, whether we shall assume — although we have it — a loftier character than Cleopatra? Power and beauty and admiration proved her misfortune. Perhaps many of the

virtuous of the western world would not have been proof to the temptations of her environment."

This criticism suggested anew the thought often pressed home to the women of the present as they read the histories of so many of the famed but failing women of the past. Is the training of the modern woman calculated to strengthen character in places where it has noticeably been weak? May it not be true that there are women now, beautiful, fascinating, surrounded by as powerful temptations, who preserve their integrity by virtue of what a higher civilization has developed in them?—the call for charity, which the critic gently gave, being, then, based, not upon modern woman's being liable to fall in a like environment of temptation, but upon the lack, in the case of those historical women, of the means to fortify and ennoble character.

I remember hearing an earnest woman appealing to a large audience for charity towards our misguided sisters. Her strongest argument was that, under less favoring surroundings, they, too, might have erred. It is with reference to such possible defect in every one of our sex that the coarse generalizations of men like Byron have come, some of them having been regarded almost as axioms. And it is probable that the opposition that women now meet with at their entrance upon freer public life, from the more manly part of the other sex, springs from fear of harm resulting through this alleged natural weakness.

It would be reassuring to believe that present education, and the graver responsibilities that surround the women of to-day, develop strength in this direction. The trailing vine is certainly no longer considered the symbol of woman. Rather is she regarded as one of the symmetrical twin pillars that upbear the portico before the home, church, and even the State edifice. Her vital efforts to enlarge her grounds for work, and the eagerness with which she seizes every opportunity to advance her knowledge, and the almost surprising results that come from first trials in her enlarging sphere, show at least the desire to attain strength that shall be potent at all times, if the strength itself be not already there.

It is sometimes worth our time to review the life of a woman like Cleopatra, study her characteristics, scan the different situations, and ask ourselves how a similarly-endowed woman, equipped with modern advantages, would comport herself amid the temptations of modern life? The change of sentiment with regard to woman as largely an emotional being—this change having been chiefly brought about by large-minded women of this and a preceding generation—helps greatly. We know that a prevailing public sentiment influences us individually, to a greater or less extent. The belief that woman's emotions must rule

her; that while, with man, to love is only an episode, it is "woman's whole existence," is fast losing credit. Tendency to hysteria, once looked upon as proof of a fond and susceptible nature, is now regarded as silly. Women are no longer sympathized with, at least by wise friends, when so afflicted, but rather are treated to brusque, plain speech, which is likely to have as tonic effect upon their moral and responsible nature as the cold-water *douche* practised by some physicians has upon the physical. Within the last fifty years, America has produced too many women who, while remaining thoroughly womanly, have shown in their wider spheres of life, the reasonableness, steadiness of purpose, calmness and strength, hitherto claimed wholly for men, for us not to believe that the mass of women are capable of being educated up to the same level. Such women, by their lives and teachings, inspire lesser women to accept them as a pattern of the truer womanhood; and there is scarcely a woman to-day, however dependent and emotional her life may be, who has not a sense of this largeness, and who does not feel sometimes a desire to rise above her own pettiness. This means that the tendency, starting with a few exceptional cases, has struck deep; we may be sure that it will steadily advance.

Our best literature, too, is a help. When we read the novels of only a few years ago, we are struck by the helplessness and childlike clingingness of the larger part of the heroines. What weepings, what lamentations, what despair over false lovers, what an array of broken hearts! I took up the other day, by chance, one of Charles Reade's novels. I could read only a few pages; for when the heroine (described as a grand woman) decides to put aside a worthy career for which Nature has fitted her, and give up her time to discovering where her faithless lover has fled, and to winning him back, the story became more than distasteful. I remember a similar character of his, a servant-girl and a woman in many respects of admirable parts, whose whole life is devoted to one of the most worthless men a writer ever depicted. No doubt there have been many such cases as these; no doubt there are cases now. But when a novelist holds them up as worthy of our sympathy, and makes you feel that they are the most admirable of women in his eyes, the story can have no charm. You are almost ready to pronounce it immoral.

Mr. Howells, if he has not stepped outside the realm of the commonplace, has at least given us an instance of a woman with a little common sense in this direction. Kitty Ellison giving her finical lover his *congé* is quite suggestive of both the change of character in women and the better sentiment of the day. In works of our best writers of

fiction, if the heroines do not rise to the grandest heights, they at least do not flood the pages with sentimental tears, nor consider that when a man has turned despicable he is still deserving the love of a good woman.

The advance that woman is making in these days, while claimed as largely intellectual, is notably on the side of moral strength. Our greatest women are women of rare integrity of character. In that profession where temptations peculiarly beset a woman, the histrionic, we see numerous instances of sterling virtue. When females were first employed in governmental positions, as in the Treasury Department at Washington, they were subjected to slurs upon character that only lately have been wholly removed. But facts show that women in such positions sustain as good characters as are found in the shelter of the home.

All this points to the conclusion that in woman's nature there is the germ of that true strength which, under suitable cultivation, shall be her safe and abiding protection.

ABBY M. GANNETT.

AN ETHICAL SOLUTION OF THE SALOON.

THE saloon is one of the monstrous absurdities of the Nineteenth Century. It is an anomaly in law. Its existence is an insult to justice, morality and right. It is a place avowedly kept for the harboring of drinking-men in various stages of intoxication, and for the furnishing to such men that which produces this intoxication,—whereby each becomes an offender, and the proprietor an abettor against social and moral order. A saloon-sign is an advertisement of a debauchment. The saloon itself is the direct incitement to an act of lawlessness, and knows no interference from peace-powers.

Familiarity has robbed the people of nice appreciations and distinctions on this question. The drinker is excused because drink robs him of the power to properly appreciate his acts. This is a false morality. The drinker in perfect soberness takes his first glasses—first glasses in total disregard of the common advice and experience of humanity, and knowing that to a certain extent his physical and mental powers will undergo a decided metamorphosis from normal sobriety. His act is one of willful deliberation or carelessness. He knows the pistol is loaded, yet willfully points it at his head; can it be possible that he is in any way excusable for the lawless acts that follow?

We assert, in defiance and derision of all the non-enforced State-laws against drunkenness, that the evil of

drunkenness is so gross, and its effects so direful, that law, order, civilization, society, justice and morality impatiently abide the time for the settlement of accounts with the drinker. All these agencies will move towards a suppression of this species of lawlessness, and a punishment will be invented, evolved by the ingenuity of man, that will be commensurate with the evil wrought. The moderate drinker will not escape while the drunkard suffers, for the difference between the two will be recognized as only one of degree. At present, penitence to the public in an inebriate-hospital, while the human body is having the poison washed from the system, suggests itself as a suitable antidote.

The seller now is an accessory before the fact in the lawless debauch of the drinker. Smith has a right to purchase a pistol, presumably for a use not contrary to law and order. But would the seller be exculpated if he furnished the pistol for the expressed or implied purpose that Smith intended to kill himself or Jones? So Smith has a right to buy liquor, presumably for a good use. If the seller permits him to turn it on himself at his bar, whereby Smith is debauched, the seller becomes an accessory in aiding and abetting the pollution and destruction of the physical and moral qualities of Smith, and in the injury to society. The seller is, however, answerable now to no one as such accessory.

Notwithstanding the above facts, the sale of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors is called one of the most troublesome problems of modern times, an absorbing puzzle of States and individuals. License-laws, as numerous and as various as there are States in the Union, high-license, low-license, and all kinds of prohibitory laws, Constitutional and otherwise, are offered as a solution; yet a failure to recognize the philosophy of existing facts seems to be inherent in all these propositions.

License has no philosophical or reasonable basis. It is a criminal absurdity indulged in by unconscionable States, whether in the high or low form. Taxing and legitimating a criminal cause, while paying an enormous price in futile attempts to correct the effects of that cause, is one of the most awful and ridiculous modern examples of straining out a gnat and yet swallowing a camel.

Prohibition is the other extreme, and seems a forced, unnatural thing. Prohibition will never succeed until its adherents establish beyond all doubt the right to prohibit. Mankind has the right to use any and every product that can be wrenched from any source whatsoever. Prohibition must first prove that it has a greater right to prohibit the enjoyment of such a use, before it can hope to succeed. To insert a prohibitory clause in the Constitution is to add

a new declaration of right. Freedom of speech is, *a priori*, a right no one questions. Can prohibition be called such a right? Is it anything more than a policy, a measure that government, in adopting it, believes will be politic to establish for the preservation of social and moral order? As such a policy, and not a right, can there be any assurance at any time that prohibition would be anything more than an experiment?

Can philosophy, reason and natural law give no solution of this difficulty? Let us see. Ethics and true morality demand, of every member of society, right living. The centuries have evolved conceptions of virtues, a survival of the fittest, constituting such right living; through these come the promise to mankind of a morrow brighter than to-day. Nature demands that that which is ruinous to these established principles of right living shall be abstained from.

The first proposition, to be propounded at this point, is, have liquors a use, a legitimate use? In those States in which the prohibition experiment has been tried, it has been recognized that liquors have uses such as the mechanical arts, chemistry, medicinal purposes and science give them. The future has undoubtedly still greater uses for them. It may be said to be a mooted question whether, as a beverage, unadulterated liquors in temperate quantities have a use, but the weight of authority at present would indicate that they have not.

Granted a use, a scientific use, any legitimate use of liquors by the consumer, it follows that equitable commercial justice requires a traffic in liquor as free and unrestrained as may or can be had in any other commodity. The government has no more right to tax, thereby creating a monopoly, or prohibit, thereby depriving of a use, in the liquor business than in that of any other article. A use, and a free traffic to supply the demand for that use,—where is the limit beyond which it will be injurious to permit that traffic to go? Surely, where use becomes an abuse; where the consumer injures himself and others in that use.

This abuse brings us face to face with the point around which existing laws vortex and lash themselves in paradoxical torment; viz., the query morality propounds—Is drunkenness a crime? But one answer is admissible,—a positive affirmative.

A human form staggers along the street; a child sees, and gives a pitiable imitation; women are terrified, men disgusted. Does not this spectacle contain all the elements of a public wrong? A vicious example, alarming and loathsome behavior, certainly constitute a public wrong, whether recognized by statute law or not. Suppose no one sees the drinker, and his acts are done in privacy. Is such

drunkenness a public wrong? Beyond all question, yes. The drinker awakens from his debauch physically poisoned, mentally sickened, and morally weakened, and thus, injuring himself, harms the social system of which he is an integral part. Drunkenness accompanied with riotous behavior, destruction of property, beating of wife, kicking of children, is a far worse type of this same public wrong. Drunkenness has been the associate of every crime man is capable of, and for that reason should be regarded as a wrong rather than urged as an excuse for the offense that accompanies it.

For these reasons the saloon of to-day is destructive of peace, law, and order, and must be driven out of existence if we wish to advance mankind toward the enjoyment of the better morrow. It must come to pass that the peace-power shall have the right to exterminate these plague-spots. A dive of women knowing no chastity is unearthed, raided, and the inmates sent to homes for wrecked womanhood. Why should not a dive of lawless drunkards be raided by the same power, and its inmates sent to homes for wrecked manhood?

Having granted liquors a use, where will the consumer obtain liquor under a free traffic, for such legitimate use? A liquor-store, bar-less, or drug-store selling liquor, is the outgrowth of our predicates, with no drinking under any circumstances whatever on the premises. A demand for liquor is felt by an intelligent buyer; it is supplied, presumably for a good use. If such use be an abuse as a beverage, whereby the drinker injures himself and society, a public wrong is committed and the offender will become amenable for his acts. The seller will not at all times be guiltless. If he induced one to purchase for the purpose of drinking; if he tempted so that purchases would be made for drinking purposes; if he sold knowing the liquor would be swallowed; if he sold to one having the general reputation of drinking liquor and was acquainted with such general reputation, he will become answerable as the accessory before the fact in the commission of the public wrong — drunkenness.

The liquor-store, moreover, will not be free from all restrictions. In the first place, there will be a trade-regulation that all liquor shall be subjected to scientific test by one skilled to make an analysis. There are such things as pure barley-whiskey, malt-beer, and fermented juice of the grape. Commercial honesty will require this rigid inspection of all liquors, with a resultant brand declaring them a pure article or a manufactured drug or poison, and with the requirement that all liquors be sold as branded. Such a regulation will rid the trade of the prevalent great quantity of poisons, and the traffic will be benefited because a better

article will form the stock in trade. This restriction would in time more clearly solve the question whether liquors have any legitimate use as a beverage. Every one competent to express an opinion will certainly agree that drugged and poisonous liquors have no such use. But, having the pure article, the matter in question would become a scientific experiment.

The second restriction upon the liquor-store will be a legal one,— a regulation identical with that in the case of druggists dealing in dangerous articles to-day. The sale of liquors will be confined to those who know or ought to know the character of the substances they purchase. Minors, idiots, and those who have lost the power of knowing, will not be allowed to be buyers. The trade, by act of assembly or construction of court, will be restricted to the sane and adult masses.

Is this solution fashioned of the things dreams are made of? We think not. There is a great public sentiment in the Union in favor of temperance reform, as evidenced by prohibition movements throughout the country, high-license acts in a number of States, and various other temperance or so-called temperance agitations. These movements involve the great majority of the citizens of the country; hence, one solution that would suit all would have that great moral force back of it that makes laws, and that administers laws when they are made. All temperance agitation has one end in view,— a public recognition that law has joined hands with morality in the suppression of the lawlessness of drunkenness. Will the solution we have offered do this the most effectually, or will it not?

The inauguration of this solution would not be so costly as it might appear at first suggestion. Our magistrate and criminal courts might cost a trifle more for a while, followed by a slowly decreasing cost, we believe. It would be good money spent in a good cause, instead of, as now, bad money received by the government in a way that makes it a party to the crime of drunkenness. The additional cost of inebriate-hospitals would be avoided, inasmuch as many of our jails would become wholly or in part such hospitals, with physicians in charge to scientifically treat the public patients, for the eradication of the evil. In the more populous sections, special hospitals would of course be required. They are badly needed now.

Can this solution be realized?— and how? It can be, but the public will need much ethical education on the questions in issue. The falsity of the philosophy of license and prohibition will have to be thoroughly understood. The public conscience will have to be quickened ethically towards the recognition of the saloon of to-day as a lawless institution and of a criminal character, and of

the fact that drunkenness and drinking are public wrongs. These deductions are certainly correct, and, when the public recognizes them as correct, can that public rightfully and morally move in any other direction than that which will establish a solution largely in line with the one offered above?

Wm. Arch. McClean.

SELF-CULTURE.

I once knew a mind so elaborately decorated that, like an over-dressed woman, even its beauty was hid. He had undergone a foppish education — there was no end to the things he knew — he had all the elegant accomplishments; but more than once had I seen him and his forces utterly routed in argument by some less-scholarly but better-trained mind, and this not because he was deficient in logical quickness or volubility, but because he wore his accomplishments for *show* and not for *use*. "There is a tendency in modern education," said Sterling, "to cover the fingers with rings and at the same time to sever the hand at the wrist." To get knowledge that we may display it is as little to our credit as to get money that we may drive fine horses and live in fine houses. Knowledge is too often sought, not that we may improve ourselves, but that we may exhibit ourselves. The education, however, that teaches us how to live is the only rational and beneficial one.

We may derive the word education from the Latin *educere*, to draw out; but education meaning to "drive in" has its origin neither in Latin nor common sense. Education is a drawing out of what is already in — a development of the faculties. The education which is of any value calls forth the exercise of these faculties, and inculcates the habits of precision and self-government. A man filled with knowledge is an obese man, but a man trained in the use of knowledge is a strong man. It is said that facts are weapons, and we think a man is well-armed who is loaded down with these weapons. But I have no respect at all for facts, and regard them as very useless things in themselves.

If you teach a child how to draw and paint without first teaching him the secrets of form and color, better set him to work collecting nest-eggs. This at least will arouse a natural curiosity — a modicum at any rate of intellectual effort. And not what boys and girls have learned to repeat by rote, but what they have learned to love and admire, is what educates.

There are two processes of educating — eating and digesting. Most systems of education proceed on the principle that the latter is of no importance whatever. The mere learning of the languages of Greece and Rome, if it means nothing more, and not the learning of the thoughts, aims, acts, arts, religions, and philosophies, interpreted by rigid and comparative methods,— the mastering, in short, of the lesson that underlies all this,— then, indeed, is any education, of whatever sort, to be preferred to such a one.

There are two processes of education, or, rather, two faculties which are influenced by education — the speculative and the practical. The direction of their development ought to lie in parallel lines. Take a man whose sentiment and imagination are inordinately cultivated — he is a tool to which there is a handle but no blade. Intellectual excitement is mere froth, and does not reveal the quality of the gases.

The majority of men have everything settled for them — there are a few who claim the right to settle it for themselves. So when a man begins to tell me what he has seen and heard, I do not care to listen; such accounts are of no interest to me. But immediately he begins to tell me what he thinks, what he believes, when he begins to theorize and explain, my attention is aroused. Here I have before me a man who conceives — a rare individual; — one who has satisfied himself as to the truth of something. Truly an important personage, because a theorizing one. I must see what he has to offer.

Socrates' great merit was the clearness with which he apprehended moral laws. There was no color-blindness in his view — no conscious or unconscious distortion of truth. He was a man whose genius was the genius of common sense. He was the highest exponent of self-culture. He was great because he did not live an essentially plant-life — because he had learned to think. "A man," says Bacon, "is what he knoweth." "I think," said Descartes, "therefore I am." The fool is the man born without curiosity; the ignorant man is the man who *ignores*. Desire is possession, to them that desire wisdom. But what is wisdom? Only a sort of sanity, poise, or equilibrium. Education is self-denial. All self-culture is self-correction. It is a long and tedious process, as are all modes of building up. But do not despair. There are no railways to the intellectual Mecca — who would go there must walk or climb. The mind grows as the body does, and in a few rare individuals sometimes attains maturity. But in no case does it spring full panoplied, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

Joseph Dana Miller.

FOUR JEWELS.

In the gold of Sincerity to be set,
And sacredly worn as an amulet.

FAITH.

Nature trust, as in a mother;
Trust her as you would a brother —
Trust her when you can no other.

HOPE.

Hope for joy the coming morrow.
Though to-day you may have sorrow,
Do not of the future borrow.

LOVE.

Love the one that is the nearest
Though of souls it is the queerest.
Say "Dear," if you can't say "Dearest"!

DUTY.

Do the duty first at hand —
Simplest rule Love ever planned
To guide men to a "Better Land."

S. Carter.

REVERENCE, FROM A MODERN STANDPOINT.

What do we mean by reverence? We mean a conjunction of love and esteem, with fear reduced to a minimum. In other words, it stands to us for the attitude of affection and veneration. As man has unfolded the law of the world; as the realm of beneficence in the universe opens up more and more to his vision; as evil, in knowledge of larger relations, assumes the face of good — as man thus rises from height to height in civilization, the element of fear for him drops out of the signification of this grand word.

To those then who think with the writer, reverence is a certain interior nearness to the all-upholding and all-enfolding power, — a nearness only faintly suggested by comparing it with the affection and respect of a noble child for wise and loving parents. It is the intellect's and heart's worship of the Supreme under the aspect of both father and mother. We admire this apprehension of the two-fold nature of the Divine, to which we find expression given in the Ancient Chinese religion, and which prompted Theodore Parker to pray so reverently to "the father and the mother, too."

Again, let us regard reverence as implying a sense of mystery, and of a self-sufficing power of wisdom and love at the heart of the universe — a sense of that power making for righteousness, and relating the human soul to

it through the ideals of the moral sentiment. Reverence under this aspect is a growing quantity in the world, notwithstanding the common charge that the age is irreligious. There is beautifully less of the "suitings and trappings" of reverence — of much public praying, psalm-singing, and genuflections to be seen and heard of men. Much of the seeming irreverence of the day springs from a disrelish of sham and posing in religion. It is the offspring of a marked and growing human attribute, that of sincerity — a refreshing attribute, truly! This sincerity forbids the worship of dead gods — gods invested with a character lower than the reason and conscience of the age require. It yields homage only to the height of wisdom and goodness; and no god can command it under any representation that makes him fall short in these.

It is perhaps true, in the sense that one of our poets probably intends, that "God is not so neighborly as of yore." It may be true that the reign of law has tended to thrust God's "personality" out of our thinking. It is true that the age is critical and destructive. And yet there are more human souls now fixing their gaze longingly on high ideals of the true, the beautiful and the good than ever before in the history of the race. When went there an age of such responsiveness to God's manifestations of himself in the universe? When went there an age of such prevalent disposition to incarnate into human life the attributes of truth, justice, purity, love? Many a man in these days is reverent in his very shrinking from lip-service and positive affirmation about the deepest problems of man's relation to the universe. There is an agnosticism that is grounded in a reverent humility of the soul. Paul perceived that the Greeks might be reverent in erecting their altar to "the unknown God," as well as his own countrymen in their more Hebraic dogmatism. The old Hebrew poet had this reverence when he exclaimed, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" And may not Herbert Spencer have a fair measure of it when he speaks of God as the Unknowable? An overwhelming sense of human finiteness,— of the feebleness of the imagination to picture the immensities of the universe, of the intellect to conceive of the Infinitely Perfect One,— may voice itself in the exclamation of the "unknowable," "the nameless one," "the Infinite and Eternal Energy,"— or may manifest itself in utter silence. Goethe's famous lines may be made to express as deep a reverence for the Divine power as any of the traditional ascriptions or appellations of the church.

> "Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
> And when thou in the feeling wholly blessèd art,
> Call it, then, what thou wilt:
> Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!

I have no name to give it!
Feeling is all in all:
The name is sound and smoke,
Obscuring Heaven's clear glow."

It is this feeling of the Infinite and Eternal Energy giving the universe meaning in its all-upholding and inclusive beneficence, and affirming itself in the highest ideal of the soul, that is the essence of reverence for the divine. On the one hand, the feeling of vastness, of measureless power and mystery; the feeling of permanent wisdom and love, ever expressing itself in the ceaseless flux of things: on the other hand, the feeling of gratitude and dependence — these are focused in our sentiment of reverence. Questioning the mystery of "sense and outward things," and dropping back into one's self with wonder and humility;—feeling, with the Psalmist, "O God, thy knowledge is too wonderful for me"—this is reverence. To gaze upon the ocean and feel a shrinking to littleness in the sense of one's insignificance, or to swell with the sense of the superhumanly vast and eternal; to get from a little flower "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"; to hear the voice of the Invisible in Autumn's burning bush; to see the permanent in the flaming foliage and falling leaves; to feel, amid the resurrections and transfigurations of Spring, one's heart throb responsive to the all-inclusive power evolving things of wondrous beauty and goodness — this is reverence.

Reverent is he who, as a truth-seeker, studies the facts of Nature as sacred links in an endless chain of causation; whose faith in the sincerity of Nature sustains him in long and patient search for the law (universe-method) of God which unifies the manifold. When a human soul looks out of itself upon the world as a perpetual revelation in its utilities and beauties and grandeurs, and becomes the subject of reflected emotions of thankfulness, of wonder, of exaltation, of indefinable expansion of mind and heart, it experiences reverence. When this soul turns back upon itself to contemplate the strangely commingled lights and shades of its own good and evil consciousness, and has a quickened sense of demerit, and of aspiration to realize the ideal which flashes in upon it, then, too, does it know what is reverence.

This feeling of reverence for the sovereign power in the universe as one that makes for the moral and the beautiful, was a marked possession of all those whom we regard as more especially the seers and saviours of the race. Does it not raise the individual to higher levels of being in its other great aspects of self-control and self-sacrifice? Is it not a source of strength in all effort to perfect human life?

George W. Buckley.

THE SINGLE TAX.

THE single tax was deliberately chosen as the name of a reform which is based upon the most solid ethical foundation. It describes the instrument to bring about a result, and not the object to be attained. It is the method to be pursued in the solution of the labor-problem. The reason for adopting the name is this: It has a clear, specific, practical meaning. It is not nebulous or indefinite. A single tax is intelligible to the common understanding. Its aim is to abolish all taxes on property, and to raise the entire revenue of the country by a single tax on land-values.

It is necessary to understand terms clearly. The single tax is not a tax on the value of land. If land is worthless because undesirable or remote, it would not be taxed. If of small value, then the tax would be small. All value is given to land by the presence of people who require it for use. Remove the people of Boston and place them on a spot where land can be had for nothing, and the land-values of Boston will fade away, and on the new site spring up full armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Therefore remember that not land, but site-value, is to be taxed. It is a value made by the community, and justly belongs to the community. "Economic rent" is its scientific appellation, and "ground rent" the familiar term.

What wonderful change can this simple process bring to society? The variation of a tax, a mere fiscal measure, is all that there is to the much vaunted movement? Is it for this that volumes have been written and newspapers established? Is it upon such a device that the abatement of poverty and the equality of opportunity is predicated? Even so. Let us get beneath the surface.

I wonder how many of you are familiar with the ninth chapter of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," that famous chapter on "The right to the use of the earth." For the moral statement of the cause we advocate, it leaves nothing to be desired. It is complete, and it seems to me irrefutable. You have doubtless seen the recent controversy between Spencer, Huxley and others on this very chapter, which Mr. Spencer, shrinking from the application of his teaching, suppressed in later editions. Even had he recanted his philosophy, which he did not, the philosophy would still remain to be judged on its merits, regardless of his altered opinion. To alter a little Arthur Hugh Clough's lines:

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That, though men perish, Truth is so;
> That, howsoe'er they stray and range,
> Whate'er they do, Truth does not change."

Mr. Spencer stood by his proclamation, but shrank from the war that logically followed, and his critics improved their chance to "heckle" him for his inconsistency. But the right of mankind to the use of the earth stands impregnable.

It is upon this right that the single tax plants itself. Its advocates hold, with Spencer, that every human being born into the world has an equal right to the use of the earth upon which he must subsist; but it is imperative that no one shall use it in such a way as to prevent others from enjoying a similar use. Equity forbids property in land. "For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual, . . . then other portions of the earth's surface may be so held; and eventually the whole . . . . may be so held; and our planet lapse altogether into private hands." It follows, logically, from this, "that if the land-owners have a valid right to its surface, all who are not land-owners have no valid right at all to its surface," and can exist by sufferance only. "They are all trespassers." They exercise their faculties and can exist only by the consent of the land-owners, and consequently exclusive possession is an infringement on the law of equal freedom.

Mr. Spencer finds further reason to deny the rectitude of property in land, on account of defective title, and refers the doubter to the chronicles. "Violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, the claims of superior cunning—these are the sources to which those titles may be traced. The original deeds were written with the sword rather than with the pen; not lawyers, but soldiers, were the conveyancers; blows were the current coin given in payment; and for seals, blood was used in preference to wax. Could valid claims be thus constituted?" And he denies that "Time is a great legalizer," or that immemorial possession can constitute a legitimate claim. "This is the verdict given by pure equity in the matter," he says, "and dictates the assertion that the right of mankind at large to the earth's surface is still valid, all deeds, customs and laws notwithstanding." It reminds one of the New Hampshire judge who declined to deliver up the fugitive slave unless the claimant master could show a bill of sale from the Almighty.

All subdivision is of course impossible, not only because of the variation in the value and adaptation of the land, but because subdivision implies ownership, which we are endeavoring to prove an injustice. Spencer insists that "either men have a right to make the soil private property, or they have not. There is no medium. We must choose one of the two positions. There can be no half-and-half opinion. In the nature of things the fact must be either

one way or the other. If men have not such a right, we are at once delivered from the several predicaments already pointed out. If they have such a right, then is that right absolutely sacred, not on any pretence to be violated. If they have such a right then is his grace of Leeds justified in warning off tourists from Ben Mac Duhi, the duke of Atholl in closing Glen Tilt, the duke of Buccleugh in denying sites to the Free church, and the duke of Sutherland in banishing the highlanders to make room for sheep-walks. If they have such a right, then it would be proper for the sole proprietor of any kingdom — a Jersey or Guernsey, for example — to impose just what regulations he might choose on its inhabitants — to tell them that they should not live on his property unless they professed a certain religion, spoke a particular language, paid him a specified reverence, adopted an authorized dress and conformed to all other conditions he might see fit to make. If they have such a right, then is there truth in that tenet of the ultra Tory school, that the land-owners are the only legitimate rulers of a country — that the people at large remain in it only by the land-owner's permission, and ought consequently to submit to the land-owner's rule, and respect whatever institution the land-owners set up. There is no escape from these inferences. They are necessary corollaries to the theory that the earth can become individual property. And they can only be repudiated by denying that theory."

I leave the strictly moral consideration here, with an expression of my inability to answer the reasoning or escape from its conclusions. In the discussion of the single tax its critics, judging from my own experience, waste no words on the ethical side. They brush it away, as all right enough in theory or principle, but what has that to do with practical things? Personal ownership is established in all civilized countries. Laws, custom, prejudice are in its favor. As Boss Tweed remarked: "What are you going to do about it?"

Consider the problem which confronts us and forces us to answer it at the peril of relapsing into barbarism. The Malthusian bug-bear which alarmed our fathers and attributed to the Creator of the world a blindness which brought forth human beings with such inadequate provision that population was destined to outrun subsistence, no longer scares us. It painted a future of misery and starvation, when hungry and naked human beings would curse existence and perish miserably. It championed a hopeless and fatalistic creed. Since Malthus was laid away with his philosophy and his fathers, the population of the globe has steadily increased, and the fear he generated has vanished, for subsistence and production have multiplied in a greater ratio. The present embarrassment is the embarrassment

of riches, and the surplus of food and clothing is made responsible for poor trade and hard times. With accumulating wealth we find a greater inequality of condition, and vice and poverty more than keep pace with palaces and millionaires. How is it that the producers of wealth are prevented from sharing equally its enormous growth? "Could a man of the last century," says Henry George, "a Franklin or a Priestley, have seen in a vision of the future the wonders that we are so familiar with, what would he have inferred as to the social condition of mankind?" And he answers, "It would not have seemed like an inference, further than the vision went; it would have seemed as though he saw, and his heart would have leaped and his nerves would have thrilled, as one from a height beholds just ahead of the thirst-stricken caravan the living gleam of rustling woods and the glint of laughing waters. Plainly, in the sight of imagination, he would have beheld these new forces elevating society from its very foundations, lifting the very poorest above the possibility of want, exempting the very lowest from anxiety for the material needs of life; he would have seen these slaves of the lamp of knowledge taking on themselves the traditional curse, these muscles of iron and sinews of steel making the poorest laborer's life a holiday, in which every high quality and noble impulse could have scope to grow."

But the fact remains quite otherwise than the vision. "Some get an infinitely better and easier living, but others find it hard to get a living at all. The 'tramp' comes with the locomotive, and almshouses and prisons are as surely the marks of 'material progress' as are the costly dwellings, rich warehouses, and magnificent churches." What is it which associates poverty with progress and increases want with advancing wealth? "This is the riddle," says Mr. George, "which the sphinx of fate puts to our civilization, and which not to answer is to be destroyed."

The trouble is not to be laid to the parsimony of Nature; it has to be accounted for by human interference with the natural distribution of wealth, which is the product of labor and capital applied to land. Partial laws, privileges and protective tariffs account for much of the existing social confusion; but, abolishing all those, the fountainhood of misery will still be left untouched.

The question of taxation is a broad one. Granted the necessity of government, and the wherewithal to sustain it must be granted also. The methods of levying tributes in the form of taxes are innumerable, yet human ingenuity or avarice or tyranny or wisdom has never yet formulated a plan for a just and equal distribution of the burden of taxation. In every civilized community of the world the ques-

tion is a burning one, and a sense of wrong underlies the popular complaint. The reason is that a tax on property diminishes wealth and decreases its production, subtracts from the earnings of labor, and, with a very few exceptions, taxes refuse to stay where they are put.

One of the objections most frequently urged against the single tax is that capital will thereby escape taxation. But capital laughs at the idea of being taxed. It gladly pays the tax because it can be easily shifted to the consumer. A more unequal arrangement than obtains to-day in the collection of revenue, direct or indirect, would be hard to devise. I sat beside a distinguished woolen manufacturer of Providence, while Judge Lawrence of Ohio, in advocating the protection of the wool-grower, intimated that the manufacturers of Rhode Island were amply able to pay the tariff-tax on raw material. "Does the dunce suppose *I* stand the tax of ten cents a pound on my Australian wool?" whispered my neighbor. "I add it to the price of my cloth, with interest and profit, and sell my goods to the Chicago Jews. They make it into clothing, and add the tax and profit and interest, and sell their goods to Judge Lawrence's constituents — the farmers, wool-growers and mechanics — who bear the entire burden. What does he take us for?" This is merely an example. As a rule a rich man sheds taxes as a duck's back does water, and they fall upon the weakest shoulders.

All wealth comes primarily from the earth by the application of labor. A denial of access to land prevents the production of wealth and diminishes the opportunity of the worker. Yet we see land-owners grow rich, in utter idleness, by simply taking from the land which they hold the value given to it by others. Long John Wentworth of Chicago understood and practised the scheme. His advice to a young man was to buy a farm on the outskirts of a city. "Grow cabbages upon it," he said, "and the assessor will tax it lightly. By and by the city will envelop your acres, and you can sell house-lots by the front foot and at a great price." This is the secret of the Astors' fortune. All the time that land is held for a rise in value, those who would use it to advantage are denied the chance. The owner declines to sell it, and refuses to improve it, knowing that the growing community is increasing the value of his possession without causing him expense or effort. And the present custom of assessing land favors this kind of speculation. If two men own adjoining city lots of equal value, and one improves his by a useful building, the tax on his lot is immediately raised. He is fined for adding to the wealth of the city, and his neighbor is rewarded for preventing the addition of wealth by holding his lot idle for speculation. Under the single tax the

vacant lot would pay as high a tax as the improved lot, and the holder would find it to his advantage to build upon it or allow some one else to do so. It would, therefore, make building-lots plenty, and multiply stores and dwellings. For, then, buildings would not be taxed. Personal property would not have to hide itself away in dark corners, and tax-payers would have no temptation to perjure themselves or move to Nahant or Lancaster. There would be no tax-dodging. The land cannot be hidden.

"This might answer in the city," you say; "but how about the poor farmer whose chief possession is land? You would exterminate him." This was the assertion of the chairman of the committee on taxation this year from the town of Barnstable, anxiously concerned for the fate of his farmer constituents. Look around to-day under the present vaunted system. Is the farmer's lot a desirable one? On the contrary, of all the great industries of the country, what is there which compares in depression with agriculture? The farmer is taxed on everything he has, for the assessor can usually enumerate his property to a sheep or a hog. For the staple product of the farm he has to accept a price based on the world's value of his surplus in London or Liverpool. It is to him, of all men, that the single tax would come as an angel of relief. No improvements would be levied upon; only the bare land would be taxed, just as if no spade or plow had ever turned up its surface. The house and tools and machines and stock would be freed. The indirect tax on his lumber and hardware and glass and blankets and carpets and stoves and crockery and clothing would vanish. Unless his farm was more valuable for other purposes, like the one on the outskirts of the city, the relief would be immense. Instead of refraining from improvement and enterprise as now, for fear of higher taxes, the stimulus of hope would come to the tiller of the soil. Doubtless the single tax would diminish farms of excessive extent of which only part are cultivated, for the reason that use alone would be profitable. Unused tracts of land now held out of reach would seek cultivators. As buildings would increase in the cities to the great advantage of masons and carpenters and mechanics generally, so in the country farming would be encouraged, and on account of accessibility, farms would multiply.

You tell me that this is unlikely, as there is a surplus of farm-products now. To this I answer, that gluts must exist as long as governments make it a punishable offense for people to exchange their grain and fruits and cattle where it shall profit them most. As long as human beings anywhere on the globe hunger and starve there is congestion and bad distribution, but no real surplus of food. By value a farmer is much less a land-owner than he is a capitalist

and laborer. But the owner of the small lot on the corner of Washington and Court streets, upon which Sears' building stands, is a land-owner indeed. Just try and estimate the number of farms he could get in exchange for that diminutive piece of land. I know no better illustration of land-values. Boundless acres weighed in the balance of one city lot, and the acres kick the beam.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

[To be concluded.]

GENERAL TOPICS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"THE other side" is always welcome to representation in our pages — limited only by the limits of space.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE "THEODORE PARKER FUND."

THE sum of nearly one thousand dollars has thus far been subscribed by the friends and members of The Free Religious Association, towards the Theodore Parker Fund in behalf of the Western "Unitarian" Conference. Subscriptions may still be sent to JOHN C. HAYNES, Treasurer, 451 Washington Street, Boston, as per the notice and call in the July–August number of this Magazine.

THEOLOGY VS. SCIENCE, ANARCHISM VS. SOCIALISM.

COMMENTING on Nos. 29, 30, 31 and 32 of *The Modern Science Essayist*, the *Chicago Times* of recent date prints remarks that will bear a re-appearance:

"Evolution and Social Reform" is the theme of four successive numbers of the *Modern Science Essayist*, published by James H. West, Boston. In the first, John W. Chadwick discusses the "Theological Method," in the second William Potts treats the "Socialistic Method," in the third Hugh O. Pentecost treats the "Anarchistic Method," and in the fourth Daniel Greenleaf Thompson the "Scientific Method." It is not the purpose here to discuss these several methods in themselves, but to commend the idea of having them thus brought together, shown in each case by a writer who is judiciously friendly to what he has to treat, and not by either a "sore-head" or a fanatic. It would be well if the four papers could be printed in one little volume and distributed all over the country. The social "conservative" thinks the Socialist necessarily an incendiary and revolutionist, surpassed in violent notions and purposes only by the Anarchist — that the former is a disguised and the latter an open enemy to society. The religious man looks on the scientific man as necessarily an atheist, and the latter is apt to think the other a bigot. Each distrusts the other and regards him as an enemy of society. They will be mutually surprised to find from these statements that none of them who think are enemies. It is only the ruffian who is consciously and the crank unconsciously enemies of society, and they are to be found in all parties. Readers also will be surprised how much there is for both thought and purpose that is common to all of them, and

especially students of the evolution of thought as related to words and acts will be interested in noting how widely different is the theological view from what it was thirty years ago, and how much more suave is the scientific since the theologican does not shout villain at it quite so vehemently.

A LIBRARY OF POETRY.

A DAY or two ago, in searching among a number of boxes of long-packed books for a certain desired volume, a case dust-covered and strongly nailed was resurrected from the pile and opened — and, to the owner's great surprise, was found to be filled entirely with volumes of poetry: a larger library of select popular verse than the editor was currently conscious of having in his possession, off his shelves. Moreover, what might at first seem a trifle marvelous, it was discovered, on examination, that although there were, all told, about fifty volumes in the box, they were all by the same author — "a trifle marvelous," inasmuch as the most prolific poets rarely reach so great a number of volumes in a life-time, whereas, in the Prefatory Note to the first of the lot which he took up (the Prefatory Note happened to be the first feature of the book on which his eye fell), the editor observed it stated that almost the complete body of poetry here amassed — and each volume seemed to be of about 250 pages — was written before the author of the same was twenty years old. Wondering at his ignorance of such a poet-prodigy, and eager to bow in due homage, the editor, hammer and cold-chisel in hand, turned hastily to the title-page of the particular volume open before him — and stared in amazement. The hammer fell from his relaxed grasp, striking with a dull thud on the box-cover, while the chisel, with the clang of steel on iron, struck a nail-head and flashed a glittering spark into the very heart of the poetical library. The editor had beheld on the title-page — his own name. The volume was "Holiday Idlesse and Other Poems." The entire fifty books were duplicates.

Then it all came back to him, like a dream out of the past — how, eight years before, from the first thousand copies of his new, wonderful book, which according to friends and favoring critics was to take the world by storm and make him famous in a season, he had set aside these fifty copies, now long forgotten, packing them securely in this box, to be opened only after ten years and then disposed of at certainly not less than ten dollars each to Public Libraries, Athenæums and valuable private collections — the only and scarce copies then possibly to be had of the much-sought-after *First Edition* of the (to be) world-noted work. Yet in eight years, and even by the author himself, this valuable boxed collection had been entirely forgotten! In eight years — during which time, in the United States alone, according

to the latest statistics of Literary Gazetteers, exactly three hundred and seventy-seven other similarly hopeful and greatly promising poetical first volumes have been heralded, have appeared, have won the unstinted admiration of friends, have run the blood-tracked gauntlet of the "reviewer"—and passed into similar serene oblivion. . . .

Well, such an event as a "first book" can occur but once in a man's or woman's life-time; and it is well worth all it may cost. And besides, in this case, there are now probably not a dozen copies of that first "Holiday Idlesse" edition anywhere on sale: this special reserved lot of fifty may still be quite valuable—to those of nice judgment and fine tastes. The fifty ought, at any rate, if well-advertised, to bring at least 50 cents apiece—as curiosities. And right here, lest he may forget it later, the author will say that, in order to pave the way to a New Edition, much revised, subtracted from and added to, in 1891, he will send one of these fifty newly resuscitated books—red-lined, finely bound in cloth, illuminated pictured covers, beveled edges and all—to any address given, on receipt of $10.00 less $9.50, provided that 13 cents in stamps be inclosed for postage. The book having in fact now come to be almost entirely out of print, and the plates having been long ago destroyed by fire, the author feels that he may still, wisely and rightfully, demand the anticipated ten-dollar premium for each one of this box-full! and so he here puts the price at that figure. But no one can prohibit his proposed discount of 95 per cent. for cash, if he chooses to make such—which he does, as above. Every person, therefore, who hereupon orders a copy, makes a complete saving to himself of $9.50,—a sum not lightly to be despised, nor to be saved every day in the year, especially on poetry. (To anyone expecting at some time to use a Book as a birthday, holiday or wedding gift, and who therefore will care much more for thick cream paper and superb outside binding than for the character of the literary contents, it may here be whispered that now is the chance of a life-time.)

There are various things about this volume of verse which, if space permitted, and if the dust might be brushed from the memory of them as it was lately brushed from the newly opened box, it would be interesting to recount. In particular, some of the money which went into the general expenses of the publishing and advertising it would be a special pleasure to recount. But a few hundred dollars, spent thus in a lasting memorial of one's youth's light-heartedness, especially when coupled with the pleasure and (if a large correspondence does not vainly flatter) helpfulness also, extended to one's friends and to the public in general through the *contents* of such memorial, is

certainly as well spent as if squandered in the many "polite" dissipations (which often are exceedingly impolite) of the average man. And by-the-by, as this of poetry making and printing was the only dissipation of which the author was ever known to be guilty even by his most intimate acquaintances, the most callous literary critic or cold-hearted enemy might well pardon the volume's appearance.

The "press-notices" of the work, if all could be gathered, would be especially interesting — to the collector of literary contradictions. And first — ah yes, first, the "Publishers' Circular." Certainly no handsomer one, in illustration or letter-press appearance, or in alluringness of wording, ever appeared for a Holmes or Tennyson. Even Mr. Williams himself, of the honored and notable firm of A. Williams & Company of "The Old Corner Bookstore," the publishers of the volume, rejoiced over that circular, printed (it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, at the author's expense) in two colors and eight pages. Shall a paragraph or two be here quoted? — a copy of it was found in the dust-covered box:

"All that the Publishers could desire to say concerning this volume, an appreciative press and the literary public have anticipated. The reception of the book at the hands of the reviewer has been unusually favorable,—generous almost without exception.

"The poems bid fair to be very popular. Some of them have already been heard from the platform of the elocutionist,—notably 'The Bells of Como' (a poem of some length and one that has received high commendation), 'Old Timothy John' (a character-sketch of much humor and pathos), and passages from 'Kalligo' (a unique and interesting narrative, strongly dramatic in much of its action). Others of the poems are being frequently quoted by the press.

"The few notices copied into these pages, selected out of a large number similarly cordial, will give a general idea of the volume, both in its workmanship and contents. From many leading authors and poets, concerning both this and previous writings, Mr. West has received letters of fellowship and commendation, extracts from which we might also present; but at the desire of Mr. West these are omitted.

"We have only to add that the perfect typography and tasteful binding of the work make it an ornament to any table, while the generally recognized value and high literary merit of the poems themselves make the volume an addition to any library.

"The Table of Contents of 'Holiday Idlesse' contains between sixty and seventy different items. The poems are written in many varieties of sentiment, combining song, narrative, idyl, and pastoral, besides verses 'through which [to quote one of the Boston religious weeklies] the mysteries of real and earnest life seek hopeful issue.' And in the scenes and incidents presented throughout the book there is constant variety: shore and sea in both hemispheres, town and country, river, lake, mountain, the heat and dust and struggle of the city, the freedom and quietude of the forest and the ocean-side, life, love and death, failure and victory, all contribute to the writer's purpose.

"In this connection we may copy the following notices:

"The range of thought in this volume is such as to make us query whether the author can indeed be in his youth. If we did not know, we should say the insight of life in such varied phases marks the man of mature experience. But we know the true poet finds the heart of all things through a shorter way than the passage of the years. He is himself a mirror for the variety of pangs and imaginings, hopes and fears, felt by all classes of his fellows. He sees the inner life, where to others there are only forms, and the moving pageant of color, and light and darkness. And yet he knows the multitude. The playful and yet serious *Little Boy Harry*, *Pentecost*, *A Cane from Gethsemane*, *Mother and Son*, *An Answer*, *The Loved Ones who have left us*, show something of the range of our young author, but the titles cannot convey to the reader the sweet reasonableness of the verse, or the musical rhythm so perfectly sustained. In the poem which gives the book its title, we find the only safe philosophy concerning the cares and crosses which weight us. Its vigorous tone braces like a breeze from the sea. As works of art these poems stand among the most marked and promising of any which have been essayed by a youthful writer in this or the Old World. They are the creations of a true poet."—*Christian Leader.*

"Attractive, tasteful, elegant, . . . a beautiful gift-book. And its contents cannot fail to please the lovers of verse of the genuine sort. Mr. West is more than a verse-maker; his poems are full of thought and aspiration, and his subjects are chosen with discrimination."—*Worcester Spy.*

"Mr. West has undoubted poetic conceptions and sympathies. In much of his verse he shows himself to be a genuine interpreter. His expression is often a fine instrument; melodious, imaginative, and vital. Even where one notes an imperfection of form a fine thought or a beautiful fancy redeems the fault."—*Christian Union.*

"We can hardly imagine anything neater. The very sight begets a warm desire to peruse it. And the cultivated reader will not be disappointed. The contents are eminently worthy of their artistically beautiful dress. Nature made Mr. West a poet, and culture, guided by sound common-sense, has perfected him. Though yet a very young man, he has made a name in literature of which he has just cause to be proud. We commend this beautiful volume."—*Boston Home Journal.*

"Externally, nothing has been spared to make the volume attractive. Internally, the book is worthy of the tasteful frame-work—the poems are of an unusual order of merit, strong in expression and full of fine feeling. They will win their way to appreciation.—*Providence Journal.*

And so on! Had the author himself prepared the circular, and tried hard, he could scarcely have put himself and his work in a more favorable light! Even now, as he re-reads these notices, he feels something of his one-time enthusiasm returning, and he almost wonders that he did not set aside half the whole edition, instead of only half a hundred copies, to be sold "after a short time" at "ten dollars each." In fact, he is almost tempted, even at this minute, to cancel the offer made above of these fifty just-unburied volumes at 50 cents each, and to ask at least the original price of $1.50 for them, with no discount. He recalls, however, in season, that perhaps some one may have saved other press-notices, studiously avoided in the "Publishers' Circular," which, should he increase the price above fifty cents, may be cruelly brought forth and re-printed by rival-poets;—notices in which the "alleged" author and his "so-called" poetry were ground up into very small and bitter fragments indeed, and scattered to all heaven's breezes, and to some breezes otherwise located: so that he calms himself,—and proceeds to close this unexpectedly prolonged "General Topic" with a few less presumptuous fantasies. Setting publishers and reviewers aside, he returns, for a further moment or two, to himself and the memories of other years.

There are a good many words in the 250 pages of the

book under discussion — this at least may be said for the work, unbiasedly; and in two senses. There are a good many words numerically, and especially a good many to have been written in verse by a busy school and working boy during play-years. But some boys begin life earlier than others — and flash into darkness quicker. The slow, steady, serene glow is better, maybe. There are, moreover, late and early verses here — many of them as late or early as two or three o'clock in the morning. Often (sadly be it said!) did even the morning sun peep in at window and find the truant from sleep poring over some book, or laboring some joyous song, if sun-hours of the day before had all been claimed by the relentless master, Work. But that was long ago. It is rarely done now — though it has to be sometimes.

The volume here being spoken of contains (page 248) a fragment of the first rhymes of which the author believes he was ever innocently guilty. He was then about fourteen years old. And ah,— that little upper-hall window, where he sat at his diminutive table in the growing dusk after school-hours, and at which, while his playmates fished from the neighboring wharf-edge or tossed the ball in the streets below, he wrote of the "sounding sea" and the "ancient forest," and of the "fitful storms of life"— how well, at this blessed minute, he can see himself at that little hall-window, transcribing those lines, though it is now twenty years agone;— lines eagerly accepted and printed at once, when offered, with a call for more, by one of the then most prominent society weeklies of Boston. And, ah yes! that little upper-hall window itself, in front of which shadows then daily passed in going up and down which now shall never pass any window of earth again! — this resurrected box of poems brings that, too, back.

And as of the first poem, so of some of the latest ones — all have their history of joy or sorrow, were written with a meaning, however dull and poor, and without doubt deserved in full every word of praise and blame, of ridicule or delighted gratification, which they called forth from the gentlemen of the critical press, from friendly and unfriendly "reviewers." It is all laughable now — the mistakes of poet and critics alike — though it wasn't laughable then!

But, what is this! — already five pages of this idle "Topic"? NEW IDEAL space is too valuable to be used further after this fashion, even by the editor! Moreover, there is that $9.50 for every reader of the Magazine to save who cares to save it; so the cold-chisel and hammer must be picked up again, and the remainder of the cover come off that box.

STRUGGLE.

'Tis well, O heart, no life of ease
Before thee opens fair!
That perfect life would fail to please
Which breathed but softer air.

'Tis not when zephyrs kindly blow,
And calmly, sweetly steal;
When waters musically flow,
And laugh along the keel;—

'Tis in the dashing of life's wave,
And in the sudden shock;
'Tis when the soul, though stout and brave,
Is ground upon the rock,

That life's objective port is neared,
Its noblest courses run,
And souls of men the straightest steered
To Isles of inward Sun.

JAMES H. WEST.

BOOK NOTES.

Reminiscences. By Lucy N. Colman. Buffalo, N. Y.: H. L. Green, Publisher. Pages, 86; price, cloth, $1.00.

Mrs. Colman has given us a very spirited account of her adventures and trials as one of the early advocates of the Anti-slavery and Woman's Rights movements. Both these reforms were defended by her before audiences who replied with volleys of eggs, and in towns where the people still voted for "Gineral" Jackson, and where water in a bed-room was thought too luxurious. She gives many interesting instances of that hostility of the church to reform, which made her for a time a Spiritualist, and finally a thorough disbeliever in the supernatural. What she tells about Spiritualism is much to its discredit, and especially her statement, in her conclusion, that she has had to give up relating these experiences, because "so much feeling has been expressed by some of the prominent Spiritualists." F. M. H.

A Grateful Spirit, and Other Sermons. By James Vila Blake. Cloth, 303 pages; $1.00. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

Twenty sermons, and all of them "life-sermons." Nothing ephemeral or vapid is here. Mr. Blake befriends us where we need befriending—in inducing to hope, to courage, to serenity. We listen to him as to a wise counsellor, and, forgetting some few minor points of theological phraseology, cannot fail to be helped on every page.

Under the Wheel. A Modern Play, in Six Scenes. By Hamlin Garland. Boston, 1890: paper, 25 cents.

This is a drama of the Single Tax—a Societary Play. That it is soon to be put upon the stage will test its power as a dramatic work; but, aside from that, it depicts graphically to every reader, with far greater force and suggestiveness than many formal "lectures" could do, the grinding struggle with Poverty of the great majority under present unequal conditions, and proposes the remedy above hinted. When Social Reform is getting to be the absorbing topic not only of the Pulpit, Press and Platform, but of the Stage also, it cannot be long before some of the seed sown begins to sprout.

The Ethical Record is succeeded (October) by *The International Journal of Ethics*, still under the editorship of Mr. S. B. Weston, but much greater in bulk than formerly, and increased in price to $2.00 per year for the four Quarterly numbers. The October number presents contributions on various themes of Ethics from Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Felix Adler, Ph.D., Prof. Harald Hoffding, Prof. J. B. Clark, William M. Salter, and others. Single number, 50 cents (Philadelphia).

The Monist. The first number of this new philosophical Quarterly (October) has appeared. It is finely printed, containing eight or ten valuable and interesting articles of a philosophical and scientific nature. From the tenor of its contents in this number and the ability of its contributors, it is safe to predict its value to progressive thought.

[From Paul F. Coste, Bank of Commerce Building, St. Louis, Mo.]

The Christ that is to be. By W. L. Sheldon, Lecturer for the Ethical Society of St. Louis. Pamphlet, 52 small pages, 10 cents.

An Ethical View of Prayer. By W. L. Sheldon. Pamphlet, 44 small pages, 10 cents.